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Where Lie the Oregons

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1908
ROSE
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WHERE LIE THE OREGONS

——BY——

D. H. HAWKINS

PORTLAND'S
ROSE-CARNIVAL
SOUVENIR

An Address Descriptive of Oregon's Resources and Marvelous Grandeur

PATENT APPLIED FOR

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MEDFORD, OREGON

Where Lie The Oregons

Where lie the Oregons are lakes and plains,
And sliding rivers, and deep murmuring woods,
With lure of endless aisles where may be heard
The lyrico-dramatic play of capticious winds,
The inter-weaving of melodic strands;
And the weird, soft piping of the ancient pines
Beneath whose bending boughs one time was heard
The chant of savage choirs in sable dress:
The mournful music of the wood-folk gone,
Thro length of suns, down thro the ebon gates
That swing on hidden hinges into paths
Star fringed and lifted into the glory hills!

◒ ◒ ◒

Where lie the Oregons the purple mountains
Are pearly-footed in the morning light,—
What summer noons, what orange moons by night!
What dim rare distances of lifting scene,
Of huge proportioned imperial forest kingdoms;
Of wooning shades and incomparable color-views!
What other folk shall boast such wondrous scene
Of sea and land and ardent bending sky?
What muse shall sing for us these raptureing views
Of blooming forests and entrancing vales?

Here comes a youth whose bearing verbs of kings
Such as did once in great Acaragas reign,

Or, in Argentium the Beautiful;
Or, yet again, in the lovelier Birket-el-Korn,
Queen city of ancient pride in Fayoum land,—
For flocks and herds renowned, and golden palms.
Yea! Here now comes a youth whose brow is wreathed
With blossoms fragrant born by classic streams.
Lo! Robed is he with cloth from Phirgia's looms:
The script of Fore-states pictured in the warp;
The rose-bloom and the lilly on his cheek,
And on his brow a wreath of asphodel.
So is he prescienced of Parnassus' wing,
He seems the climax to a poet's dream;
So is his language jeweled of word-flowers,
A lyric blooms upon each syllable.
His form were symmetry—the Paphian Boy
Was never more persuaved of of lip and eye.
Love's dancing children blithely follow him
Down the warm length of aisles of saphrined gold,
On down through the deeps of blooming borderland;
By sylvan ways and paths, by pool and dell;
To finally lift into night's vibrant hills
Where gleaming naids bathe in emerald waters,
Or coy the night-flower's marvelous tender bloomings,
Where flames the spirit lilly under the young moon.

Thus went he down down into Willamette's vales:
And touching there his oaten straw he played,

Harmoniously sweet, an artist's picture song;
Descriptive in pearl-islanded amethyst seas
And colored mists high bannered on soft shores,
And olden woods, deep, dense of rougous trees:
Articulate with some strange note of power;
Confused, yet many-toned with import wild;
Through which is heard the fore-voice of the earth,
And presences which lived when earth was young.
The distant calling of lean moaning winds
Thro branches that are bent with weight of years.
The lucid melody and capricious slips
Of some lone piper on his greenish rock.
The voice of leaping maenads in tangled wood,
And the silvery call of Limnanthis, heard afar.
The sound of wood-god's tread upon the mold
Where single sun-shafts cut thro parted boughs.
The color-music of dilicious fragrances;
The perfume sweet of night's wet violets,
As delicious as the airs of Parthenope,
As delicate as the immagined scent of Sahara's
bloom!

Still further the theme was his:
Where lie the Oregons Multnomah's fiefs
Once yielded tribute to ~~the~~ that stern-browed king
Who rode with iron rein his steed of state,
Thus ordered on portentious tribal hates
Invidious, gathering to his own undoing
When arose revolt recruiting on dismay

Of Hood's red thunder and the fever camps:
When fell the Bridge of the Gods—when shook the [earth]
With tremors rude, chaotic, fearful, dire,
'Till slept Wallula cold by Wauna's flood.
Here lie the virgin deeps of western woods:
The Clapsop by the ever restless sea,
The Clackmas for streams and herds renowned,
The Yamhill rich in all its ancient molds,
The Tillamook of countless savage years,
And, other sections flung in boundary chain;
Encompassing afar unconquered leagues
Of mountain rampart and of fertile plain,
Thro which flow life's rich summer memories:
Primordial atmospheres and wild-wood scents,
That with a distinctive subtle fevor move
Thro mysterious distances of copse and fern,
And clinging vine and varient wild carresses;
When steals Æolus down thro the spirit-wold,
Past bell-toned nooks of fairy-haunted dells,
To fling its odor-wreaths on berg and town!

Also is heard:

The plaintive music of some lilting bird,
The long deep sighing of the worship-trees,
The echo-music of some perished race,
The straying trill-lill of some satyr's reed;
Or, the mirthful laughter of some wanton brook
Which wanders on thro lands midst length of days,—

Thro night and noon with fleecy cloud, and sun;
To disappear beneath some splendor arch
Of rock, or spreading tree of fragrant bloom,
Flowered white and starry in a clustered pride.
The song-tears of the sweet-voiced night-en-gale
Flow thro the evening's mellow hush and haze.
The gem-like bells of minature bloom is seen
Where alternates the poppie's crimson foam.
Soft, delicately white and golden floweretts flood
The leaning landscape down to throbbing seas.
The golden-rod sways with the hum-bird's weight,
The swamp-rose and the prim-rose give their cheer.
Where peppermints send forth their wondrous breath,
The dog-flower shines above the winter fern.
Exquisitely pastoral are these lake-land leagues,
Bloom-margined and bloom-centered in the sun.
Delicate is the exquisite flora of this clime:
The uttered perfume of the wood and plain.

Sweet western land of wonderful promise this,
Where rivers woon to sleep Cascadean hills,
When broods, Algerian-like, Wallowa's nights
O'er rugged steeps and many a valley's rim
Which lift and melt into Luna's orange light. [wing,]
Where the wild fowl shakes the dew from morning
Takes westward course o'er Umatilla's fields,—
Aglint with golden suns on seas of grain—
Her guiding view Mt. Hood and the Yakimas;
With tireless pinion fans Tacoma's brow:

Thro fragrant mists of falling rainbow tints
On urgent flying ever, seeking goal
Where spread the noble pastures of the sound.
Or yet again it speeds on phosphorent wing
Southwest to where the crater's haunted floods
Droon round the rocks, when morning comes with sun;
When Llao Rock seems but ferment and fire:
When Phantom Ship sets sail for unknown seas.

There, where red Llas sport in Craters deeps,
Where the Caldron Witch performs her wizard art
When night is under cloud in Klamath's woods,
There, wild Des Chutes, impelled from raucous steeps,
Leaps thunderous from the cave of Thielsen's god
And pounds its course from Klamath down thro Crook,
Past Snowy Butte and Multon Mountain pass:
Thro many a plain where graze unbitted steeds,
(Limbed racers of the whirlwind and the storm)
Past Sherman and past Wasco's allurative farms
To rude debauch its flood on Columbia's foam.
Its thunder booming midst the echo-peaks
Which one time answered back the Indian's song:
The jocund half-verse sung at pagan feasts,
Or the mournful drooning of a funeral dirge
When wept wild mothers for their war slain son;
When flame-red war-forms leaped forth like fire-steeds
Thro bannered atmospheres on templed hills.

Earth's wild sweet breath comes up from Harney's
fields,
And from Malheur where slide unspindled streams
And rivers worthily waiting on such time
As shall mature an empire promise here;
From Grant where hover mists o'er fossil keeps;
Where record-earth discovers unto men
(The Sage and the Great) events in terror's shroud
Upbearing huge bone-forms in garb of clay;
Representative of a million process years
Which darken back beyond the speech of men:
The vision and the fact of chemistries
Knit with storm-conflicts thro red primal days
On plains by torrid seas by steaming shores.
Well heeled is man ~~toward~~ these unploughed leagues
Of virgin empire, having catholicty here
To zest the will, and vigor up the brain,
Of nation builders who keep tryst with truth,
Where now by Portland and by Salem sounds
The beating hoofs of progress, and, the chime
Of knowledge bells in accademic halls;
Where steady shines the light of art and law,
And literature, and, all may seem best
Right noble vesture for high venturiug men.

Except the wild tale of the frontier days,
And the crowding on of tribes toward heated noons
Of haughty strife with dirge of battle death,—
When savage cities pass to dusk and night;

There is not here a legendary past
To tint one's motif or give art-sense room
Upon what canvas waits the artist king.
But who would care for higher theme and scene,
Where wind twelve rivers, in perenial flood,
Past odered meads and fields of whispering grain;
Past lands where graze contented herds on hoof
Down toward cool waters where the cresses bloom!
The rugged grandyer of our cloud-topped hills,
Our lakes and rivers, and, our opaline seas
Rude breaking on our empire's iron coast;
All beckon with appealing hand to men
Whose genius ought to master what stands forth.
A morning's climb on Cascade's slopes and margins
Is like a page from out some master's music:
Or like a vision taking shape and form
Above the circles of an adept's wand:
More beautiful than Korrizan's mirage
Zoned high above the hills by Leman's sea,
Where fancy blossoms by the side of dream,
Where star-flowers burst their buds on vetvely swards;
Where wind-flowers free their odors—when sets the
Behind some mountain burnished red and gold. [sun]
For the breezes here blow softly thro green boughs,
And stir the sleep-begetting minstrel pines.
Here, hidden plenteus in the grarled oak,

Rude uttered back with pagan quip and scene.
In a forest field not far from soft Wahana
The larks are wont to chorus Easter days,
As if to reprove the hush of winter woods:
Anon is heard an hundred air-swing notes [way]
When the wild-geese—migrant—wend their arrowy
O'er pristine peaks, by lines of sea-washed sand;
Above the slopes where Cullaby Lake is gemed:
And keep their course toward Alaskan swamps
Whence flow the streams with golden silts to floods
That wash bright sands on Nome's adventurous shores.

A homeward ride through sunset by the Coos
Is like a journey throught some story-land.
Here daffodils and daisies flutter where
The wind-voice steals up from the timbrous waves.
The twilight grieving of the tree-couched birds,
Breeze-swung where flows a never failing brook,
Comes to us out of story-enchanted woods;
The deathless sky bends down to deathless earth.
No immelodius being here abides
To dull the lengthening days of summer cheer.
Where the heart of the buttercup beats golden-pure,
The voice of the willow dells is heard and loved.
The dreamy fawn and purple of woodland ways
Surrounds as we pass through sylven shades.
What endless aisles—what altitudes are here!
What fluent opulency of limbrient ocean:
Our summits glow against cerulean arches!

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Heaven's filmy blue is flushed with idyllic joy.
The olive dips lie leaning on the landscape.
Deep is the imperishable charm of field and fell:
Here lies a field in mauve (like Sicily's views),
A worthy subject for our Douglas Crane;
Here flows a stream past opalescent rocks,
Bid Parrot's brush give spirit to this view!

A mist hangs sun-rayed o'er wild Tillamook:
Far amethyst oceans break on ruby shores.
A rainbow widely spans the hoary drifts
Of mountain ranges ringed with color-wreaths.
Rogue's apple-bloom and Roseburg's peach and
Commingle odors where the mountains meet. [plum]
The golden warp of a land's strength lieth here:
The muscle-fibre, too, of a masterful race.
No Moeris here lies sad with dreary shores,
O'er which the vultures float on carrion quest.
The hills of Cos were not more softly splendrous,
Nor the Carion shores more lovely in their setting
Of varient gem-hues,—scintilent mellow—
Than hill and shore by Salem and by sea-rim.

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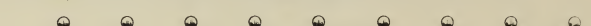
Yon stands Eugene: university cultured city
Which waters well her garden academic;
And, tends with care the bud and ethic bloom
Best circumstanced upon her lawns to thrive.
More to the south Grants Pass, with merchant pride

Proclaims herself Queen City of Josephine;
And girds her loins with leathern belt on which
Is pictured forth her traffic interests.
Where the Siskiyous lie calm in the evening light
The Vale of Tempe yon by Ashland lies.
This place of mountain scenery hath renown:
The Sakkara pyramid lifts its pink cone where
The pale mists veil the brow of Pilate Rock.
Athenian airs here stir the syringia bloom.
Where glows a hill-top stands the Parthenon:
Thessalian hills lie yonder in the gloaming.
One might imagine: There, too, lies Lycabettus
With the sadden gray of Hymettus just beyond.
Or, there lies "Cyllene" Hoar the Wizzard's place,
Fit circumstance for Inspiration's pen.
The "young philosophers" of the garden may here [abide.]
And also doth her environs accredit her
Her music-mood, and all which appertains
Her color-sense: deserving our adjectives
Miss Russell's worthy brush—her "Forest Fire,"—
The actual flame devouring primal woods!
E'en here is Phithia, for luscious fruits renowned,
And, healing waters such as Lourdres hath;
And, mountain torrents born of summit snows;
And, halls of learning wisely inventoried,—
With wreaths of culture forming on her stem:
The Muses live where births her mountain flood

Midst vernal slopes and vocal hidden nooks,
Whence it flows to debauch into the Val.



But this—what land is this whose gathered rills
Commingle waters with a majestic stream?
What land is this where suns prevail their warmth
On bursting bud and bloom and ripening fruits,
And lengthening landscape vistas purple-ringed
As minstral summits by Australian gulfs.
This is that land of orchards, flocks and herds
The "Fathers" saw when Whitman blazed a trail
Up through the tangled mystery of barban woods,
Where crouched the leopard in his eirie tree
When rude the Indian wild passed on his way
To Wizzard's haunt or red-caved Lava Beds.
Or, on again toward Dawn's horizon bold
Where many rivers merge their untamed floods
Which catch and hold, when summer is in leaf,
The morning's blush, and, the rarely prismed shafts
Of pink-light woven through the slumber moons
Whose radience floods the land from berg and town,
O'er valleys wide and plain in fragrance bathed,
To fall in fullness on the west shore bays.
This is that land where plains and wildwood haunt,
And glowing mountain peak, and vocal dell,
And voiceful minature fall, and laughing rill,
Lean flowery-robed down to Rogue River's flood.
Where Rogue Land's hills are ringed of color-mists,

There dawn and dusk-lights fall on field and fern,
And mead and orchard wealth, by Medford town.
Whose destiny now gathers to the point
Of greatness hinging on her plussing strength;
And also on that determinative (will)
Without which all things must fall broken down.
Yet where-with-all can failure her attend
Whose efforts link her resource with her zeal.
Here the wealth of Orm depends from orchard boughs,
Here the comice pear finds fit congenial clime;
Here the berry ripens luscious to the lip,
Here the melon crimsons in the summer noons;
While everywhere is seen the purple grape
Rich blooded as the fruit of Chios' vine.

The bird imaginatation again swings northward:
The lightnings aid her wings o'er winding rivers.
In penciled marine shadows Portland now,
(Rich Queen Rose City stately by the Wauna)!
Appears in splendor garments thro' the dawn-light;
When Daphne, like a mist, floats thro the forest.
Her destiny the mountain gods are guarding:
Nor Ariadnean Noxos was more dreamy,
Nor Milete greater of a sculpture promise,
Nor Ormus more polite in trade or learning.
Near by, sprung on the land is Pherne and Orthus,
Admetus beckons us down to his open lattice,—
Apollo, tending flocks on Multnomah's swards,

Pipes softly now on oaten straw low music.

The pendulum of day swings into the west,
The breathing sea coys with the opal rocks.
The shadows deepen on Philomath's hills,
The wolf slys down from caves in the flanking woods.
The wood-deer, famished, seeks Nehalam's springs,
The panther crouches leer on some lone rock.
Imagination fashions on the hour a temple's dome:
There stands proud Agra's peerless Taj-Mahal;
And there: Larissa's towers and minarets,
Wrapped in the golden light of India's night.
There looms Cambalac's red avenue of statues,
Or there is Hur with ancient dome and spire.
Yon toward the sea is Ossa and Olympus:
Fit shrines where to repair our common faith.
Homeric Hellas bounds our straining view.
Behold the fragrant vales where Hafiz dream'd.
Here too might Theocritius chant his songs
To the tremulous evening soul in wood and wold.
Some Corydon or Luicidas leaves his flocks
To lend his pipe's refrain to Circe's notes.
Through vale and dell and grove of lutent tree;
Where feathered songsters flutter midst the light
Of aureoled leaf and arches sun- suffused,
A silver note, like some fond joy astray
Down leagues of meadow land and leafy wild,
Doth softly tinkle by some minature fall

Or, muffled lowly when the wood-gods pass,
Seems but the sob-tones of an astral bell
When waning day, reluctant, rests his wing
On Hood's bold summit of rose-tint and fire:
The violet sea of Sunium, when spring is young,
Is not more lovely than our leagued lakes!

The Oregons shore on the Western Sea:
Exquisitely beautiful the landscapes are.
The haze of evening merges color-schemes:
Imperial colors crowd the empyrean.
Aurora's maid, with flute and castenet,
Steal rosy-limbed thro Flora's garnitured vales.
Delicious variances of color hang
Abroad upon the hills of sea and land.
Rude, bungle-voiced, proportioned forests rool
Their anthems down upon the sky-hung waves.
The appreciation of variant distinctiveness
Gives to the hour a creeping sense of fear,
Such as belonged to the woods when savage men
Contended with the cat for empire here.

The Oregons are ripe inheritences:
Be strong—her sons—to reap her yellow grains.
No mountain son was ever yet a slave:
An empire bursts to bloom by Wauna's flood.
Spoked to the hub of Medford's traffic-wheel
Is golden wealth, and,—opportunity.
The wheels of commerce turn where waters meet:
From Portland's wharfs great ships go down to sea!

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